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Thomas Bygones
from his Uncle Nathaniel

LITTLE FOLKS' BOOKS.



HANS IN LUCK,
THE GIANT AND TAILOR,
THE GOATHERD,

THE NOSE TREE,
THREE GOLDEN HAIRS,
THE JEW IN THE BUSH.

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & ALLEN,
379 BROADWAY,
1857.

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Little Folk's Books.

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THE STORY
OF
Hans in Luck.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.

Hans in Turk.

HANS had served his master for seven long years, when he said to him: "Master, my time is now up, so please to give me my wages, as I wish to return home to my mother." The master answered: "You have served me like a trusty, honest fellow, as you are, and such as your services have been, so shall be your hire."

And thereupon he gave him a piece of gold as large as Hans' head. Hans took a cloth and rolled up the lump of gold, and slung it over his shoulder, and began to trudge home. As he went along, and kept setting one foot before the other, he happened to come up with a traveller, who was riding at a brisk pace on a lively horse.

"Oh! what a delightful thing it is to ride!" cried Hans aloud: "it is every bit as good as sitting on a chair; one doesn't knock one's toes against a stone, and one saves one's shoes, and yet one gets on, one hardly knows how."

The man on horseback having heard these wise re-

flections, cried out to him: "Nay then, Hans, why do you go on foot?"

"Why, you see, I am obliged to carry this lump home," replied Hans, "and, gold though it be, it bothers me sadly, as I am obliged to hold my head on one side, and it weighs so heavily on my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the rider, stopping his horse, "we can make a bargain. Suppose I were to give you my horse, and you were to let me have your lump in exchange?"

"That I will, and thank you too," said Hans; "but I remind you that you will have to drag it along as best you may."

The traveller got down from his horse, and took the lump of gold, and then helped Hans to mount, and having placed the bridle in his hand, said to him: "When you want to go very fast, you have only to smack your tongue and cry, 'Hop! hop!'"

Hans was in great delight, as he sat on the horse, and found he rode along so easily and so pleasantly. After awhile, however, he fancied he should like to go a little quicker, so he began to smack his tongue and to shout: "Hop! hop!"

HANS IN LUCK.

The horse set off at a brisk trot, and before Hans had time to collect his thoughts, he was pitched into a ditch that divided the main road from the adjoining



fields. The horse would have cleared the ditch at a bound, had he not been stopped by a peasant, who was driving a cow along the same road, and happened to come up with the luckless rider just at this moment. Hans crawled out of the ditch as best he might, and got upon his legs again. But he was

sorely vexed, and observed to the peasant, that riding was no joke, especially when one had to do with a troublesome beast that thought nothing of kicking and plunging, and breaking a man's neck, and that nobody should ever catch him again attempting to mount such a dangerous animal. Then he concluded by saying: "How far preferable a creature is your cow! One can walk quietly behind her, let alone her furnishing you with milk, butter, and cheese for certain, every day. What would I not give to have such a cow for my own!"

"Well," said the peasant, "if that's all, I should not mind changing my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully to such a proposal, and the peasant leaped into the saddle, and was presently out of sight.

Hans now drove the cow before him at a quiet pace, and kept ruminating upon the excellent bargain he had made. "If I have only a bit of bread—and that is not likely to fail me—I shall be able to add butter and cheese to it as often as I wish. If I feel thirsty, I need only milk my cow, and I shall have milk to drink."

HANS IN LUCK.

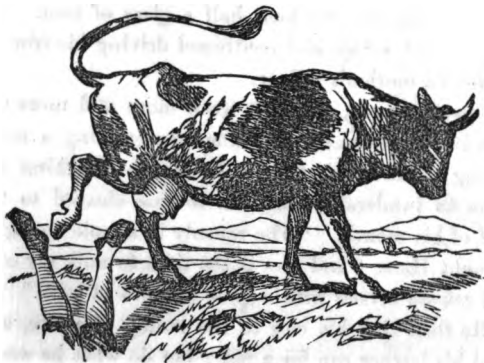
On reaching a public house he stopped to rest himself, and in the fulness of his joy he ate up his dinner and supper all at one meal, and spent his two remaining farthings to purchase half a glass of beer. He then went his way, and continued driving his cow towards his mother's village.

Towards noon, the heat grew more and more oppressive, particularly as Hans was crossing a moor during a full hour's time. At length his thirst became so intolerable that his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. "The remedy is simple enough," thought Hans, "and now is the time to milk my cow and refresh myself with a good draught of milk."

He then tied his cow to the stump of a tree, and used his leather cap for a pail; but do what he would not a drop of milk could he obtain; and as he set about attempting to milk the cow in the most awkward manner imaginable, the enraged animal gave him a hearty kick with her hind leg, that laid him sprawling on the ground, where he remained half stunned for a long time, and scarcely able to recollect where he was.

HANS IN LUCK.

Fortunately there just came by a butcher trundling a wheelbarrow, in which lay a young pig.



“What the deuce is the matter?” asked he, as he helped the worthy Hans to rise.

Hans related what had happened, when the butcher handed him his flask, saying: “There, man, take a draught and it will soon bring you round again. The cow has no milk to give, for she is an old animal only fit for the yoke, or to be killed and eaten.”

HANS IN LUCK.

"Lord now! who would have thought it?" said Hans, stroking his hair over his forehead. "It is, to be sure, all very well to have such an animal as that to kill, particularly as it yields such a lot of meat; but then I don't much relish cow's flesh: it is not half juicy enough for me. I'd much rather have a young pig like yours. The flesh is far more tasty, to say nothing of the sausages."

"I'll tell you what, Hans," quoth the butcher, "I'll let you have my pig in exchange for your cow, just out of kindness."

"Now that's very good of you, upon my word," replied Hans, as he gave him the cow, while the butcher took the pig out of the wheelbarrow, and put the string that was tied round the animal's leg into his new master's hand.

As Hans went along he could not help marvelling at his constant run of luck, which had regularly turned every little disappointment to the very best account. After a time he was overtaken by a lad who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They no sooner bid one another good morrow, than Hans related how lucky he had been, and what ad-

HANS IN LUCK.

vantageous bargains he had struck. The lad told him, in turn, that he was carrying the goose to a christen-



ing dinner. "Only just feel how heavy it is," continued he, taking the goose up by the wings; "it has been fattening these eight weeks. I'll be bold to say that whoever tastes a slice of it, when it comes to be roasted, will have to wipe away the fat from each corner of his mouth."

HANS IN LUCK.

"Ay," said Hans, as he weighed it in one hand, "it is heavy enough to be sure, but my pig is not to be sneezed at either."

Meanwhile the lad was looking all round him with an anxious air, and then shook his head as he observed: "It's my mind your pig will get you into trouble. I have just come through a village where the mayor's pig was stolen out of its sty, and I'm mightily afraid it's the very pig you are now driving. It would be a bad job for you if you were caught with it, and the least that could happen to you would be a lodging in the black hole."

Poor Hans now began to be frightened. "For goodness sake," cried he, "do help me out of this scrape; and, as you know this neighbourhood better than I do, pray take my pig in exchange for your goose."

"I know I shall run some risk," replied the lad, "yet I haven't the heart to leave you in the lurch, either."

And so saying he took hold of the rope, and drove away the pig as fast as he could into a by way, while honest Hans pursued his road with the goose under his arm.

HANS IN LUCK.

**"When I come to think of it," said he, to himself,
"I have gained by the exchange. In the first place,**



**a nice roast goose is a delicious morsel; then there
will be the fat and the dripping to spread upon our
bread for months to come; and last of all, the beauti-
ful white feathers will serve to fill my pillow, and I'll**

HANS IN LUCK.

warrant I shall not want rocking to sleep. How pleased my mother will be!"

As he passed through the last village on his way home, he saw a knife-grinder busily turning his wheel, while he kept singing:

"Old knives and old scissors to make new I grind,
And round turns my wheel e'en as swift as the wind."

Hans stopped to look at him, and at last he said: "Your trade must be a good one, since you sing so merrily over your work."

"Yes," replied the knife-grinder, "it is a golden business. Your true knife-grinder is a man who finds money as often as he puts his hand into his pocket. But where did you buy that fine goose?" "I did not buy it but exchanged it for my pig." "And where did you get piggy from?" "I swopped my cow for it." "And how did you come by your cow?" "Oh! I gave a horse for it." "And how might you have obtained the horse?" "Why, I got it in exchange for a lump of gold as big as my head." "And how did you come by the gold?" "It was my wages for seven years' service." "Nay, then," said the knife-

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grinder, "since you have been so clever each time, you need only manage so as to hear the money jingle in your pocket every time you move, and then you will be a made man." "But how shall I set about that?" inquired Hans. "You must turn knife-grinder like myself; and nothing is wanting to set you up in the trade but a grindstone: the rest will come of itself. I have one here that is a trifle worn, but I won't ask for anything more than your goose in exchange for it. Shall it be a bargain?" "How can you doubt it?" replied Hans; "I shall be the happiest man on earth. Why, if I find money as often as I put my hand in my pocket, what more need I care for?" And he handed him the goose, and took the grindstone. "Now," said the knife-grinder, picking up a tolerably heavy stone that lay on the ground by him, "here's a good solid stone into the bargain, on which you can hammer away, and straighten all your old crooked nails. You had better lay it on the top of the other."

Hans did so, and went away quite delighted. "I was surely born with a golden spoon in my mouth," cried he, while his eyes sparkled with joy, "for every-

HANS IN LUCK.

thing falls out just as pat as if I were a Sunday child.' In the mean time, however, having walked since day-break, he now began to feel tired and very hungry, as he had eaten up all his provisions in his joy at the bargain he had made for the cow. By degrees he could scarcely drag his weary limbs any farther, and was obliged to stop every minute to rest from the fatigue of carrying the two heavy stones. At length he could not help thinking how much better it would be if he had not to carry them at all. He had now crawled like a snail up to a spring, where he meant to rest, and refresh himself with a cool draught; and for this purpose he placed the stones very carefully on the brink of the well. He then sat down, and was stooping over the well to drink, when he happened to push the stones inadvertently, and plump into the water they fell! Hans no sooner saw them sink to the bottom of the well, than he got up joyfully, and then knelt down to thank Heaven for having thus mercifully ridded him of his heavy burden, without the slightest reproach on his own conscience. For these stones were the only things that stood in his way.

HANS IN LUCK.

"There is not a luckier fellow than I beneath the sun,"
exclaimed Hans; and with a light heart and empty



hands he now bounded along till he reached his mother's home.

Little Folk's Books.

THE STORY
OF THE
Giant and Brave Little Tailor.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.

The Giant and the Brave Little Tailor.

ONE summer's morning, as a diminutive tailor was sitting on his table near the window, and plying his needle cheerfully, there came by a woman, crying "Good jam, very cheap!" The tailor liked the notion of this, so he popped his little head out of window, and, calling to the woman, he told her, if she would come up, she would find a customer for her wares. The woman carried her heavy basket up three pair of stairs to the tailor, when he made her unpack all the pots, and, after examining and smelling them all, he said: "The jam seems good, so you may weigh me two ounces of it, my good woman—indeed, I don't mind if you make it a quarter of a pound."

The woman, who had expected a much larger purchase, served him as he desired, but went away grumbling. The tailor then went to a cupboard, and cut a slice of bread, and spread the jam upon it, and laid it beside him, as he thought he had better finish the doublet he was working at before he ate this dainty morsel. While he was stitching away as fast as he could, to get at it the sooner, the flies on the wall were attracted by the smell of the jam, and down

THE GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

they came in flocks to partake of its sweets. "Nobody invited you," said the little tailor, as he brushed them away. Only, as the unbidden guests did not understand what he said, they were not to be put off, but returned in greater numbers than before, till the tailor was so exasperated that he snatched up a strip of cloth off his board, and flapped away till seven flies lay dead on the spot. "Am I such a desperado as all that comes to?" quoth he, as he counted the slain, and admired his own bravery; "nay, then, the whole town shall hear of it." And the little tailor forthwith cut himself out a belt, on which he worked, in large letters, the words: "Seven at a blow." "The town, quotha!" continued he, "the whole world shall hear of it."

So he put on the belt, and sallied forth into the wide world, as his workshop was too narrow a stage for his bravery. Before he went, he looked about him to see what he could carry away with him, but he found nothing better than an old cheese, which he put into his pocket. After passing through the gates of the town, he perceived a bird that had got entangled in a bush, and this he caught and put into his pocket, in addition to the cheese; after which he pursued his way

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rapidly enough, for he was so light and nimble that he scarcely felt the least fatigue. The road he followed happened to lead to a mountain, and, on reaching its highest summit, he found a powerful giant sitting looking about him, at the landscape around. The little tailor made up to him very boldly, saying: "Good morning, comrade; and so you are looking at the wide world, are you? I am just going into it. Now, what say you to accompanying me?"

The giant looked at the tailor with the utmost contempt, and muttered: "You miserable wretch!" "Miserable wretch, indeed!" rejoined the little tailor, unbuttoning his coat, and pointing to his belt; "only read, and see what sort of a man I am." The giant read "Seven at a blow," and, concluding it meant seven men the tailor had killed, began to entertain a greater degree of respect for the little fellow; but being, nevertheless, desirous of putting him to the proof, he picked up a stone, and squeezed it till the water dropped out of it. "Now, do the same," said the giant, "if you have strength enough." "Is that all?" cried the little tailor, "that's a mere joke for me." And, putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out the cheese, and squeezed it till the whey oozed out.

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"This is better still, I trow," observed he. The giant did not well know what to think or to say, so he



picked up another stone, and threw it upwards to such a height that no eye could follow it. "There!" cried he, "do as much, if you can, my little fellow." "It's a good throw," returned the tailor, "but the stone must needs fall down again; now, I'll throw something that shan't come back." And, drawing forth the bird from his pocket, he cast it into the air. Delighted at regaining his liberty, the bird of course never returned. "What say you to that?" asked the

THE GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

tailor. "It's a good throw," replied the giant; "but now let's see whether you are able to carry a tolerable weight." He then led the little tailor to a spot where lay a felled oak of considerable size, and bid him help him to carry it out of the forest, provided he had sufficient strength to do so. "Willingly," said the little man; "and if you do but place the trunk on your shoulder, I will lift up the branches, which are the heaviest of the two." The giant accordingly shouldered the trunk of the tree, while the tailor sat down snugly on one of the branches, and, as his huge companion could not very well look round, he was tricked into carrying, not only the whole tree but little snip into the bargain, who whistled merrily as they went along, as though the burden were light as a feather. After they had gone a few steps, the giant could bear the weight no longer, and let fall the tree, while the tailor jumped nimbly down and pretended to be holding the branches, and laughed at the giant for being unable to carry a tree, though he was such a big fellow.

On going further, they came to a cherry-tree, when the giant bent down the top, and, placing it in the tailor's hands, bid him eat of the fruit. Now the

THE GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

tailor was much too weak to hold the branches, and, when the giant let them go, they whisked the tailor up into the air as they rebounded. "So," cried the giant, "it seems you have not strength to hold even such a switch as that?" "Oh," returned the tailor, "it is not the strength that fails me, but there is a sportsman shooting in yonder bush, and I had a mind to get out of his way. Jump after me, if you can." The giant tried, but he could not manage to clear the tree, and remained hanging midway on one of the branches; so that the little tailor had the upper hand even this time.

"Since you are such a brave fellow," said the giant, "come and spend the night in our cavern." The little tailor made no bones to follow him, and they reached the cavern, where they found several other giants sitting by the fire, each eating a whole roast lamb for his supper. The giant then pointed to a bed, and told the tailor he might turn in, and sleep there to his heart's content. But the bed was so large that the little man preferred creeping into a corner of the cavern. Towards midnight, when the giant thought he must be fast asleep, he took an iron club and shivered the bed at a single blow, making sure the

THE GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

little grasshopper that lay in it must be as dead as a door nail. The next morning, when the giants sal-



lied forth into the forest, and had forgotten all about the little tailor, behold! he came up with them, looking as spruce and as bold as ever. The giants were frightened, and thinking he was about to strike them all dead, they took to their heels as fast as they could.

As to our little snip, he kept following his nose,

THE GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

and, after wandering a considerable way, he reached the court-yard of a royal palace, when, feeling tired, he stretched himself on the grass, and fell asleep. Some persons who happened to see him, and read "Seven at a blow" on his belt, immediately concluded he was a mighty warrior, and they hastened to inform the king of his arrival, observing, that it would be well to secure the services of such a man, in case war were to break out again. The king thought this advice was wise enough, and therefore sent one of his courtiers to be ready to offer the stranger to enter the army, as soon as he should awake. The courtier having delivered his message, the tailor said: "I came with the express intention of offering my services to his majesty." And he was accordingly received with all due honours, and placed in a residence by himself.

But the soldiers took umbrage at the little tailor's promotion, and wished him a thousand miles away. "For," said they, "suppose we should quarrel with him, he will kill seven of us at a blow, which is not to be borne." So they went to the king, and begged to be dismissed. Now the king could not bear the idea of losing all his faithful adherents, yet he did not dare to send away the new comer, lest he should kill

THE GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

both himself and his people, and take possession of the throne. So, after a good deal of reflection, he sent to the little tailor, to say, that, as he was such a hero, he proposed to him to rid the land of a couple of giants who lived in a neighbouring forest, promising, that, if he succeeded, he would give him his only daughter in marriage, and half his kingdom. He added, that a hundred horse soldiers should lend him their assistance. The little tailor thought it would be a fine thing to marry a beautiful princess, so he sent back word that he would soon tame the giants, and that he wanted no help, for he who could hit seven at a blow was not to be cowed by two.

The little tailor then sallied forth, followed by a hundred horse soldiers, but, on reaching the forest, he told them to wait till he returned, as he meant to settle the giants' business alone. He then entered the thicket, and soon found the two giants snoring under a tree. The little tailor lost no time in filling his pockets with stones, and then climbed up the tree, and, ensconcing himself in its branches, let fall several stones, one after another, right on the breast of one of the giants, who at length awoke, and, nudging his companion, inquired why he beat him? " You

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are dreaming," said the other: "I didn't touch you." They then went to sleep again, when the tailor threw



down a stone that hit the other giant. "What are you flinging stones at me for?" said the latter. "Nay, man, you are dreaming," said the other. But, after quarrelling awhile, as they were both tired, they were presently asleep again. The tailor then chose a very thick stone, and hurled it with all his might at the first giant. "This is too bad!" cried he, rising in a fury and assailing his companion. The latter paid him in the same coin, and such was their mutual rage

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that they tore up whole trees, and never ceased labouring each other till they both lay dead on the ground. The tailor now came down, and, drawing his sword, plunged it alternately into the breast of each of the slain giants, and then returned to the horse soldiers, and told them he had overcome the giants. "It was hard work," added he, "for they tore up trees to defend themselves; but what could they do against a man who is used to kill seven at a blow?" The soldiers, however, would not believe him, till they had ridden into the forest, and seen the uprooted trees and the giants swimming in their blood.

The king, after he had got rid of his enemies, was not much pleased at the thoughts of giving up half his kingdom to the stranger, so he said: "You have not yet done; in the palace court lies a bear, with whom you must pass the night, and if, when I rise in the morning, I find you still living, you shall then have your reward." "Very well," said the tailor, "I am willing."

So when evening came, our little tailor was led out and shut up in the court with the bear, who rose at once to give him a friendly welcome with his paw. "Softly, softly, my friend," said he; "I know a way to

THE GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

please you." Then, pulling out of his pocket some fine walnuts, he cracked them, and ate the kernels.



When the bear saw this, he longed for some too; so the tailor felt in his pocket and gave him a handful, not of walnuts, but nice round pebbles. The bear snapt them up, but could not crack one of them, do what he would. Then said he to the tailor, "Friend, pray crack me the nuts." "Why, what a booby you are," said the tailor, "to have such a jaw as that, and not to be able to crack a little nut!" So he took the stones, and sliily changed them for nuts, put them into his mouth, and crack! they went. "Oh!" said the

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bear, "now I see how you go to work, I am sure I can do it myself." Then the tailor gave him the pebbles again, and the bear worked away as hard as he could, till he broke all his teeth, and lay down quite exhausted.

But the tailor began to think this would not last long, so he pulled a fiddle out from under his coat, and played him a tune. As soon as the bear heard it, he could not help jumping up and beginning to dance; and when he had jigged away for awhile, he said: "Hark ye, friend! is the fiddle hard to play upon?" "No! not at all!" said the other. "Will you teach me to fiddle," said the bear, "so that I may have music whenever I want to dance?" "With all my heart; but let me look at your claws: they are so very long that I must first clip your nails a little bit." Then the bear lifted up his paws one after another, and the tailor tied them down tight, and said: "Now, wait till I come with my scissors." So he left the bear to growl as loud as he liked, and laid himself down on a heap of straw in the corner, and slept soundly. In the morning when the king came, he found the tailor sitting comfortably at breakfast, and could no longer help keeping his word, but was

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obliged, willy nilly, to give him his daughter and half his kingdom. So the wedding was celebrated with



much pomp, though with little joy, and the tailor became a king.

Some time after, the young queen heard her husband talk in his sleep, and say: "Now, make haste, boy, and sew that waistcoat, and mend that coat, or I'll lay the yard measure about your shoulders." She then guessed at the low origin of her spouse, and the

THE GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

next day she went and begged her father to get her rid of a husband who was nothing better than a tailor. The king bid her be of good cheer, and promised, if she left her chamber door open on the following night, he would send his servants to bind him in his sleep, and take him on board a ship, which should carry him away for ever. But it happened their conversation was overheard by one of the king's squires, who liked the young stranger, and went and told him of the danger that threatened him. So, when the tailor had gone to bed, he pretended to fall asleep and, as soon as his wife had opened the door, he spoke as if he were talking in his sleep, and said: "Make haste, boy, and sew that waistcoat, and mend that coat, or I'll lay the yard measure about your shoulders. I have hit seven at a stroke, killed two giants, and tamed a bear, so I need not fear those who stand without." On hearing this, the folk outside were so frightened that they ran away like chaff before the wind, and no one ever dared to lay a finger on him. So a king he was, and a king little snip remained all the days of his life.

Little Folk's Books.

THE STORY
OF
Peter, the Goatherd.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.

Peter, the Goatherd.

A GOATHERD, named Peter Klaus, who used to pasture his flock on the Kyffhauser, a high mountain that overlooks the village of Sittendorf, was in the habit of gathering his goats together at eventide, within a spot encircled by old walls, near the ruins of the castle, where he could easily muster them all.

During the last few days, he had remarked that one of his finest goats disappeared the moment he had driven his flock within the inclosure, and only joined the rest at a much later hour. On watching her closely, he found that Nanny made her way through a crack in the wall, and, having managed to wriggle through the aperture after her, he followed her into a kind of vault, where she was greedily picking up the oats that kept dropping down from the roof. He now raised his eyes upwards, to try and discover what occasioned this plentiful rain of oats, but was none the wiser for a long while, till at last he heard the neighing and trampling of several spirited horses, when he came to the conclusion that the oats must fall from their crib.

PETER, THE GOATHERD.

As the goatherd stood marvelling how these horses came to be shut up in an uninhabited mountain, there



came a page, who silently motioned him to follow him. Peter went up several steps, when he found himself in a court-yard walled in by high rocks, and overshadowed by thick trees, through which a faint twilight was barely struggling. Here he found twelve grave knights playing at nine-pins on a smooth, cool bowling-green, without exchanging a single word. Peter was silently enjoined to lift up the ball.

PETER, THE GOATHERD.

At first his knees knocked against each other with fright, as he obeyed the injunction, and cast a stolen glance at the long beards and time-worn garments of the noble knights; but by degrees he grew bolder, and looked about him with a more confident air, and at length ventured to drink out of a can that was set down beside him, containing the most fragrant wine. He now felt quite revived, and, as often as he grew tired again, he sought fresh strength from the never-failing contents of the can. At last, however, he was overpowered by sleep.

On waking, he found himself in the green inclosure where he used to fold his goats at nightfall. He rubbed his eyes, but neither dog nor goats could he perceive, and he was somewhat surprised at seeing the grass had shot up to an amazing height, as well as at the sight of sundry trees and bushes, which he had never remarked before. He shook his head as he wended his way through the paths and uplands which he was in the daily habit of crossing with his flock; yet nowhere could he discern any traces of his goats. Below him lay the village of Sittendorf as usual, and he hastened down, to make inquiries after his lost flock.

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The people he met on his way to the village were all unknown to him, and were differently dressed, and



spoke differently from his acquaintance; and they all stared at him, too, when he inquired after his goats, and took hold of their chins. At last he involuntarily did the same, when he found, to his astonishment, that his beard had grown at least a foot longer than it used to be. He began to think that both himself and the

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whole world around him must be bewitched; yet he knew that the mountain he just came from was the Kyffhauser, and he likewise recognised the houses, with their gardens, and the village green, and he heard several boys say, in answer to the question of a wayfarer, that the place was named Sittendorf.

His mind half misgave him, as he entered the village and made his way to his cottage, which he found almost fallen to ruins. A shepherd-boy in tattered garments lay in front of it, and an ill-conditioned dog beside him growled and showed his teeth when Peter called to him. He went through the opening that was once closed by a door, and found all within so desolate and empty that he staggered like a drunken man, as he went out by the hind door, calling on his wife and children by their names; but no one heard him, still less did any of the familiar voices answer him.

Presently a crowd of women and children gathered round the strange man with a grey beard, and all inquired what he was seeking for. It seemed so monstrous to ask after his own house, and what had become of his wife and children, that, in order to rid

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himself of their importunity, he named Kurt Steffen, which was the first name that happened to occur to



him. The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at length a woman, well-stricken in years, said:

“It is now twelve years since he has gone to live in Sachsenburg, which you won’t be able to reach to-day.”

“And where’s Velten Meier?” inquired Peter.

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"Lord help him!" answered an old crone, who was leaning on her crutch, "he has been bedridden for the last fifteen years."

The bewildered Peter shuddered as he now recollected his former neighbours, thus suddenly transformed into so many old women; but he felt no inclination to ask any more questions. At this moment, a spruce young woman, carrying an infant on one arm, and leading a little girl four years of age with the other hand, made her way through the crowd of gaping idlers. They were all three as like his wife as two peas.

"What is your name?" cried he, in great astonishment.

"Marie," replied the young woman.

"And what was your father's name?"

"Lord have mercy on his soul! his name was Peter Klaus. It is now twenty years since we sought him, day and night, on the Kyffhauser, because his flock came home without him. I was then seven years old."

The goatherd could restrain his feelings no longer.

"I am Peter Klaus," cried he, "and none other." And he took his daughter's baby-boy in his arms.

All present stood as if petrified, till at length one

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voice and then another called out: "Yes: that is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour—welcome home, after your twenty years' absence."



Peter Klaus now lived very happily in his native village. The only drawback to his complete satisfaction was that he missed the good wine he used to drink while he was with the solemn nine-pin players. At times, too, he declared everything seemed so dreamy,

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that he was not sure whether he were awake or not—and the short and the long of it was, that Peter Klaus felt a great longing to make another expedition to the Kyffhauser. So, in spite of all his friends and neighbours could urge, he sallied forth one Easter Tuesday towards his old quarters, where he found a monk, with a long white beard, seated near one of the ruined turrets, reading from a book, which he closed at Peter's approach, saying: "Come with me to the Emperor Barbarossa, who has been waiting an hour for us." Peter, expecting some such adventure as before, made no bones to follow him, and the monk led the way to a spot surrounded by walls, where he drew a large circle with his crooked stick, and wrote curious signs in the sand. He then read some prayers, which Peter could not understand, out of his book, and wound up the ceremony by striking the earth three times with his staff, saying: "Open!"

They now heard a noise like distant thunder, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the ground within the magic circle sank gently down, with Peter and the monk, and, after depositing them in the vault below, slowly rose to its former level.

The monk now led Peter through a number of pas-

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sages, till they came to a kind of cloister, where a lamp was burning eternally, and here he lighted a couple of torches for himself and his companion. They then went onwards till they reached a large iron door. The monk said a prayer, and then touched the door with his staff, saying: "Open!" And behold! the bolts were withdrawn, and the locks opened of themselves, and discovered a round chapel. The floor was as smooth as ice, and the walls and ceiling, that were richly fretted with gold and diamonds, shone like flames by the light of the torches. In one corner stood an altar of massive gold, and in another a golden font on a silver pedestal.

The monk told his companion to follow him, and then bid him stand in the middle of the chapel, while he advanced towards a silver door, at which he knocked three times, when it flew open. Opposite the door sat the Emperor Barbarossa, on a golden throne;—we do not mean his marble image, but the Emperor just as he lived and breathed, with his crown on his head, which he kept nodding every now and then, while he knit his bushy eyebrows. His long red beard had grown through the stone table before him, and reached to his feet.

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The monk now returned, and drew the astonished Peter away. The silver door closed of itself, and the



iron door slammed after them with a terrific noise. On reaching the vault they had at first entered, the ground within the magic circle was again lowered to receive them, and brought them back to the light of day, when the monk gave his companion two small ingots of an unknown metal, that he had brought from the crypt, and which were ever after carefully pre-

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served in Peter Klaus's family, so that his grandchildren and great-grandchildren could prove that the founder of their house had really seen the Emperor face to face.

This adventure served to shorten many an evening throughout the following winter, for Peter's neighbours and grandchildren were never tired of hearing him tell of the wonderful things he had seen in the chapel. But when spring came round again, Peter's love of the marvellous, which had now become a habit with him, would not allow him to rest with merely talking of past events, and he was frequently heard to observe, that the Emperor Barbarossa had not treated him half so well as the knights had done, and that he had a mind to try his luck another time. His daughter, who never liked to hear him talk of going to the Kyffhauser, used to shake her head on these occasions, and say: "Father, it is better to stay at home and drink water in the company of the living, than to drink wine in the company of phantoms." Now this was very sensible, and shewed that Marie just hit the right nail on the head, and knew why her father regretted the bowling-green and the silent knights; and, as often as she spoke thus, Peter would laugh, w

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take one of his grandchildren on his knee, and pretend to think no more about seeking new adventures. It came to pass, however, that there was a christening in the family some time after, on the birth of his daughter's third child, and so Peter Klaus could hold it no longer, but took a pail and resolved to fetch wine from the cellar of the old castle on the Kyffhauser.

Away he went, and, when he had reached half way up the mountain, he perceived an underground passage, nearly choked up with rubbish, on removing which he found his way into a vault. Here he was met by a grey-headed butler, who motioned him to follow. "Now," thought Peter Klaus, "the Saints forbid that I should be in for another twenty years." And a cold shudder ran over him, as he wished himself back in Sittendorf. He, however, dared not refuse to follow his silent conductor, who led him to a roomy cellar, where stood a row of casks on each side. The butler then tapped one of the casks, and, taking hold of Peter's pail, he filled it to the brim, and said: "As often as there is a merry-making in your house, you may come and fetch wine. But you must never say where you get it, neither may you attempt

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to barter or sell that which is freely given. Woe to the man who should fetch wine for such a purpose."

Peter Klaus returned home much delighted, and the guests thought the wine delicious, and wondered where it came from, for none like it had ever been tasted in that part of the country. But Peter took care not to let out his secret, and every now and then he returned to the cellar with the same success. It happened, however, that a vintner, who lived opposite, once tasted some of Klaus's wine, and thinking what a fine thing it would be if he could obtain even a small quantity of the same, as it was so strong that he considered he might dilute it with ten times as much water, and yet sell it very dear, he determined to find out how his neighbour came by it. Full of this honest purpose, which could only originate in a vintner's head, he dodged Peter's steps one night as he sallied forth with his pail, and found out the way to the Kyffhauser cellar. On the following evening he selected the largest empty cask he could find, and, placing it on a wheelbarrow, he trundled it up the mountain. It was his intention to fill the cask, and then let it roll down, after which he meant to return every evening in the same manner, until the cellar

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should be emptied. But, just as he reached the opening that led to the cellar, it suddenly became pitch dark, and a violent gust of wind sent him and his empty cask and wheelbarrow rolling down from rock to rock. Deeper and deeper did the vintner fall, till he found himself in a burial vault. Here he saw a funeral pass before him, attended by his wife and four neighbours, and he fell senseless with horror. On awaking from his trance, he found himself still in the vault, and he heard the church clock strike twelve. Its well-known tones made him recognise, with a shudder, that he was standing beneath the burial-place of his own village. A stalwart monk now appeared, and carried him up a long flight of steps, and, having placed some money in his hand, without speaking a word laid him at the foot of the mountain. The vintner slunk home without either wine or cask, and it was one before he reached his house. He was so ill that he went to bed immediately, and three days after he was dead. The money the monk had given him was just enough to pay for his burial. After this, nobody ever attempted to follow Peter Klaus, who enjoyed the use of the knights' cellar to the end of his days.

Little Folk's Books.

THE STORY
OF
Red Jacket; or, the Moose Tree.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.

Red Jacket; or, the Horse Cree.

THERE were once three poor soldiers, who, on being disbanded after the war, journeyed home together, begging their bread as they went along. It was hard to be thus turned adrift without any provision for their old age, and our wanderers were dejected enough at the weary prospect that lay before them; but as there was no help for it, they struggled on as best they might, and trusted to Providence for their daily support. One evening they reached a thick, gloomy wood, and night having presently surprised them, they had no other alternative than to lie down and go to sleep, without having tasted a morsel of anything like supper. For fear of being torn to pieces by wild beasts, they agreed that one should keep sentry in true military style, while the other two slept; and as soon as the one that watched grew tired, he was to wake another, who would relieve guard.

Two of the soldiers were presently fast asleep, while

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the other kindled a fire beneath the trees, and sat down to warm himself. He had not been there long,



before a diminutive being in a red jacket suddenly appeared before him, saying: "Who is there?" "A poor soldier who will not harm you," replied our friend; "so you had better come and sit down and warm yourself." "And how fares it with you, my brave fellow?" said the little being. "But poorly," replied the soldier, "for my comrades and I possess nothing in the world beyond the clothes we stand in."

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"Well, then, my good fellow," said little Red Jacket, "take this cloak, and whenever you put it on and wish for anything, it shall be granted directly."

So saying, he disappeared as he had come.

When it became the second soldier's turn to keep watch, little Red Jacket appeared again, and handed him a purse, which he told him should be always full of gold, let him draw upon it as often he pleased.

It was now the third soldier's turn to keep sentry; and little Red Jacket did not forget him, but presented him with a magic horn, that possessed the property of summoning crowds at a blast, and of making people forget their cares and dance to its sound.

When morning dawned, the three friends had each a wonderful tale to tell, and they presently agreed, that, as they had shared each other's adversity, so would they now enjoy together the prosperity that had so unexpectedly befallen them, and resolved to travel for their amusement, and make use of the inexhaustible purse. They now spent their time very pleasantly, till at last they grew tired of roaming about, when two of the comrades requested their companion

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to wish for a beautiful castle to serve as their home. This was accordingly set before them with as little fuss as a waiter brings a glass of beer. The castle was, moreover, surrounded by delightful gardens, and luxuriant pastures, where countless flocks were seen grazing; and the gates flew open to give passage to a stately carriage drawn by three dapple grey horses that soon fetched them home.

After enjoying a very quiet life for a time, they began to be as much cloyed by continued rest as they had been heretofore by their unsettled mode of existence, so they thought they would make a change, and accordingly they ordered the carriage, and, taking with them a quantity of fine clothes and costly jewels, they proceeded on a visit to a neighbouring monarch.

The king, who had an only daughter, seeing such magnificent strangers, concluded they must be princes in disguise, and welcomed them accordingly. It happened one day that the second soldier was walking with the princess, when she remarked the purse in his hand, and asked what it was. The soldier was weak enough to tell her, which, to be sure, though

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very foolish in him, did not make much difference, as she was a fairy, and already knew what wonderful gifts the three comrades held in their keeping. So she set to work to make a purse exactly similar to the stranger's, and, when it was completed, she took an opportunity of offering him some wine that she



had drugged for the purpose, which made him fall into a dead sleep, when she gently drew his purse from his pocket, and substituted her own in its stead.

On the following day, the soldiers returned home-

wards; and, not long after they had reached their stately castle, they happened to want some money, and applied to the purse, whose contents, indeed, they emptied; but oh, disaster of disasters! no fresh gold came to supply the deficiency! The owner of the purse then speedily perceived that the princess had played him false, and began to lament over his lost riches. "Nay," said the first soldier, "be not downcast: I shall soon be able to get your property back again." So he put on his cloak, and wished he were in the princess's chamber.

No sooner was he transported thither, than he found her busy drawing gold from the purse, till it lay in heaps about her. Instead of at once securing the prize, the soldier was imprudent enough to stand watching her, till she happened to turn round, and, on perceiving him, began to call out: "A thief! a thief!" as loud as she could, till all the courtiers and household rushed in to assist her. The soldier was so taken aback, that, in his alarm and confusion, he never thought of wishing himself a hundred miles off, but the window and jumped out, in such haste that cloak dangling to the balcony, much to the

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delight of the cunning princess, who thus secured another gift.



The poor soldier returned home on foot in the most dejected mood imaginable, and informed his comrades what a heavy misfortune had befallen him. "Never mind," said the third soldier: "keep up your spirits, for we have still a remedy left." And taking up his

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horn, he b'ew a loud blast, which brought countless troops of infantry and cavalry, with which they set forth to besiege the king's palace. Before they drew their swords, however, they informed the king, that, if he gave up the purse and the cloak, they would withdraw their army; but, should he persist in keeping them, they would demolish the palace to its very foundations. The king therefore went and tried to persuade his daughter to avert such a misfortune; but, as she was very unwilling to part with her newly acquired valuables, she replied: "Cunning may overcome force," and bid her father wait for the result of a scheme she had laid, which should drive away the whole army like chaff before the wind. Accordingly, she dressed herself up as a fruit-girl, and, taking a basket on her arm, went out, accompanied by her maid, at nightfall, and took a roundabout way to reach the enemy's camp. When morning came, she rambled about amongst the tents, offering her wares for sale, and singing with so exquisite a voice that the soldiers crowded round her, to listen to her songs. Presently she perceived the owner of the horn amongst the throng, and made a sign to her maid, who stole away

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to his tent, while he was engrossed with listening to the music, and took possession of the magic horn. No sooner was this accomplished, than the princess returned to the palace; and sure enough the army vanished, as she had told her father it would, while she retained all the fairy gifts; and the three luckless soldiers found themselves once more as desolate and as poor as when little Red Jacket had been the maker of their fortunes.

They now held council as to what they should do next, when the second soldier, namely, he who had once owned the purse, proposed they should each seek their bread separately. He then turned to the right, while the other two, who preferred keeping together, went to the left. The second soldier wandered on till he came to the self same wood where they had met with such unexpected luck; and when night came he felt so tired, that he fell asleep beneath a tree. On awaking next morning, he was not a little delighted to perceive that the tree was laden with the most enticing apples he had ever seen; and, having gathered some, he began eating first one, then another, and then a third. He now began to feel a queer sensation in

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his nose, and, on attempting to put another apple into his mouth, there appeared to be some impediment in the way, when he found, to his horror, that it proceeded from his nose, which had grown to such an im-



mense length that it reached to his waist. "Where will this end?" cried he, in alarm. And well might he say so, for the thought was no sooner uttered, than his nose had grown down to the ground, and kept stretching onwards like a stream, till it meandered through the wood, and progressed over hill and

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dale beyond. Meanwhile, his comrades, who had journeyed onwards since the morning, now stumbled over something that they at first mistook for a kind of bridge; then they thought it looked like a nose, especially as it felt like flesh; and lastly, determined to follow it up, to find who could be the owner of such a protuberance. They were much shocked, on reaching the tree, to find that the unsightly appurtenance belonged to their unhappy comrade, who was lying quite exhausted on the ground. The two soldiers tried to raise him, but this they found quite impossible; and they were all three giving way to despair, when, to their great relief, their little friend Red Jacket once more popped in upon them. "You are in a sad plight indeed, my good friend," cried he, laughing; "but luckily there is a cure near at hand." He then told the two others to gather a pear from a neighbouring tree; and no sooner had the poor soldier partaken of this, than his nose was at once restored to its natural proportions.

"Now," said little Red Jacket, "I'll give you a piece of advice. Gather some of these pears and apples, and go to the princess, and offer her some of the

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latter, when her nose will grow twenty times longer than your's did; then make the best bargain you can before you let her have the remedy."

The three friends thanked Red Jacket with heartfelt gratitude, and left the wood. They then agreed that Nosey, as his comrades now nicknamed him, should disguise himself as a gardener, and go to the king's palace, and offer the apples for sale. Accordingly Nosey made his way thither, and he had no sooner displayed his tempting wares than everybody wished to buy some of his fruit. But he declared that these apples were so rare as to be fit only for the princess; and the moment she heard this she sent to purchase his whole stock. The flavour proved so delicious that the princess ate at least a dozen in rapid succession, when suddenly the same alarming symptoms the soldier had experienced declared themselves with frightful rapidity. Her nose soon reached the window, and from thence the garden, and then began its vagrant course into the wide world.

The king, greatly terrified, offered a large reward to whoever should cure her of this strange disorder. So our hero dressed himself up as a physician, and volun-

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teered his services. In order, however, to take a slight revenge on her for past misdeeds, he began by giving her a dose containing some more apple chopped up very small, which, of course, increased the mischief. It was only after leaving her a whole day in this state that he administered a little of the pear, which caused a very slight decrease of her infirmity. As, however,



he considered that he must frighten her well before he should obtain all he wanted, he kept angling with her

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fears by alternately causing the nose to grow smaller and larger, till at last he said: "Princess, my science tells me there is something that works a spell against all my medicines, and, to speak plainly, I am convinced it must be the stolen goods about you that cause the mischief, and, till they are returned, my art is powerless." The princess at first indignantly denied any such thing, but when the king heard what the physician had said, he went to his daughter, and intreated her to restore the cloak, the purse, and the horn to their lawful owners.

So, as there was no help for it, she returned them all to the physician, to give to the soldiers, when he, in exchange, gave her a whole pear, which effectually restored her nose to its former pretty little shape. And then the soldier wished himself back to his comrades, and from thenceforward all three lived happily together in undisturbed possession of their matchless gifts.

Little Folk's Books.

THE STORY
OF
The Three Golden Hairs.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.

The Three Golden Hairs.

THERE once lived a poor woman, whose son, being born with a caul, she consulted a soothsayer, who foretold that he was destined to marry the king's daughter as soon as he should have attained the age of fourteen. It happened that, shortly after, the king came to the village, and, on asking what was the news, the gossips, not knowing who he was, answered, that a child had just been born with a caul, and that he was sure to be lucky in everything he did. And they added, that it had been foretold he was to marry the king's daughter in his fourteenth year. The king was mightily displeased at this prediction, and, being a bad-hearted man, he went straight to the parents, and pretending to be very friendly, he offered to provide for their infant if they would give it up to him. At first they were unwilling to part with it; but as the stranger offered them a large sum of money, and they considered that, being born lucky, all would turn out for the child's advantage, they at length consented.

The king laid it in a box, and rode away till he

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reached a deep stream, when he threw it in, saying: "There! now I have rid my daughter of so unexpected a suitor." But the box, instead of sinking, floated like a little ship until it came to a mill, some two miles beyond the king's capital, where it stuck in the embankment. Luckily the miller's lad perceived it, and drew it out with a hook, thinking he had got hold of a treasure, when, on opening the box, he saw to his



surprise a fine, healthy infant, whom he immediately carried to his master and mistress. The good people

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having no children of their own, considered the little foundling quite a godsend, and immediately adopted him, and brought him up with the greatest care.

Many years after, it chanced that the king took refuge from a storm in this very mill, and inquired of the miller whether that tall youth was his son? The foster parents hereupon told him how he had come to them, when the king, perceiving at once that this must be the same child whom he had flung into the water, merely observed, how lucky it was he had not been drowned, and then said, that if the youth would take a letter to the queen, he would give him two pieces of gold for his trouble. "As your majesty pleases," replied the good folks, telling the youth to get ready. The king then wrote to the queen: "Let the youth who bears this letter be immediately killed and buried; and mind it be done before I return."

The youth took the letter and set out, but he lost himself, and reached a large forest at nightfall. A faint light that glimmered through the darkness guided him to a small house, which he entered. Here he found a woman sitting by the fire, and, after explaining that he was taking a message to the queen, and

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had lost himself, he begged her to allow him a night's rest in her house.

"Poor youth!" said the woman, "you have fallen into a den of robbers, and when they come home they will surely kill you!" But the youth was so tired that he said he could go no further, let what would happen; and, stretching himself on a bench, he fell fast asleep. Soon after, the robbers came back, and in-



quired angrily who the strange youth was? But when the woman had explained his errand, and the robbers had broken open the letter to see what it con-

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tained, these hard-hearted men were moved to pity, and the chieftain tore it up, and wrote another letter, in which it said that the youth was to be married to the princess immediately. So they let him sleep quietly till the morning, when they gave him back the letter, and shewed him the right way to the palace. The queen had no sooner read the letter, than she gave orders for a sumptuous wedding, and the child of luck was married to the princess, and, as the youth was both handsome and amiable, the young pair were mutually pleased with each other.

After a time the king returned to his castle, and found, to his amazement, that the prophecy had been fulfilled. "How comes this?" said he; "I gave very different orders in my letter." The queen then shewed him the letter she had received, and he went and asked the youth why he had not delivered the one that was intrusted to him? "I know nothing about it," replied he, "unless, indeed, it was changed while I lay asleep in the forest." But the king was very angry, and said: "You must not think to have won my daughter so easily; and unless you bring me three golden hairs from the head of a gnome who lives in a

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mine at the other end of my kingdom, she shall not remain your wife." The king secretly hoped to be rid of him by this means. But the lucky youth answered: "I will fetch the golden hairs, and shall not be afraid of the gnome." And, having inquired the way to the mine, he set off without delay.

On reaching a large city, the sentinels at the gate asked him whether he understood any handicraft, and what he knew. "I know everything," replied the child of luck. "Then," resumed the sentinels, "pray be so kind as to inform us why the spring in our market place, that used to run with wine, does not now even yield water." "Wait till I return, and then you shall know," answered he. On going a little further he came to another town, when the sentinels again inquired what handicraft he understood, and what he knew, when he replied, as before: "I know everything." "Then be so kind," said they, "as to inform us why a tree in our town that used to bear golden apples, does not now put forth so much as a leaf." "Wait till I return, and you shall know," replied he. On proceeding further he reached a large river, and as the ferryman took him over, he asked him the same

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question as the sentinels, to which our hero made the same reply. "Then oblige me," said the ferryman, "by telling me why I am obliged to go to and fro continually, and am never set free?" "Wait till I return, and you shall know," said the youth.

On the other side of the water, he found the entrance to the gnome's residence. After passing through a very dark, black vault, he reached the mine, when he found the gnome was out, though his grandmother was at home, and sitting in a large easy chair. "What do you want?" said she, without seeming very angry. "I wish for three hairs out of the gnome's head," answered he, "or else I shall not be allowed to keep my wife." "That's a bold request," said she, "for if the gnome comes home and finds you here, he would strangle you on the spot. But I can't help pitying you, so I'll see what I can do for you." She then changed him into an ant, and told him to creep into the folds of her gown. "This is all very well," said he, "but there are three things besides that I want to know, and they are, why a well that used to run with wine does not even yield water now; why a tree that used to bear golden apples does not now put forth so

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much as a leaf; and why a ferryman must go to and fro continually without ever being released."

"Those are difficult questions," said she; "but only keep quiet, and mind what the gnome says, while I shall pull out the three golden hairs."

At nightfall the gnome came back, and said: "I smell man's flesh; all is not as it should be here." And he peeped into all the corners, but could find nothing. His grandmother then scolded him for turning everything topsy turvy, and bid him be quiet and eat his supper, instead of fancying such nonsense. After he had eaten and drunk, his grandmother laid his head in her lap, and said she would comb his hair a bit. Presently he fell fast asleep, and began to snore aloud. The old dame then pulled out one of his golden hairs. "O-oh!" screeched the gnome, "what are you after?" "I have had a bad dream," answered his grandmother, "so I pulled you by the hair." "And what was your dream about?" said the gnome. "Why, I dreamt that a spring in a market place that used to run with wine, had dried up, and didn't even yield water. What can be the cause of it?" "If they did but know," said the gnome, "that there sits a toad

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under a stone at the bottom of the spring, and that they need only kill it, for wine to flow again!" His



grandmother then began to comb him again, and he soon fell asleep, and snored till he shook the very earth. She then pulled out the second hair. "Hol-loa! what are you about?" said the gnome in a passion. "Don't take it ill," answered she: "I did it while I was dreaming." "And what have you dreamt this

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time?" asked he. "Why, I dreamt that there was a fruit tree that used to bear golden apples, and that now does not put forth so much as a leaf. What can be the cause?" "If the folks did but know," replied the gnome, "that a mouse keeps gnawing at the root, and that, if they killed it, the tree would bear golden apples again! Instead of which it will completely wither, if the mouse goes on. But enough of your dreams, and, if you disturb me again, you shall have a box on your ears." His grandmother soothed him, and began combing his hair gently till he fell asleep. She then pulled out the third hair. Hereupon the gnome jumped up in a rage, and it would have gone ill with her, had she not softened him by saying it was all the fault of her disagreeable dreams. "What have you dreamt again?" said he with evident curiosity. "I dreamt of a ferryman who complains of going to and fro, and not being released. Whose fault is it?" "Why, his own, to be sure," answered the gnome; "if the blockhead only knew that he need but place the oar into the hands of whoever wants to go over, he would be set free, and the other obliged to take his place." Having now obtained the three golden hairs,

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and the answers to the three questions, the grandmother let the gnome sleep in peace, and he snored till the morning.

As soon as the gnome had gone out, the old crone took the ant out of the folds of her gown, and restored the fortunate youth to his human shape. She then gave him the three hairs, and bid him go his ways. The youth thanked her, and went away highly pleased at the success of his adventure. On coming back to the ferryman, who reminded him he was to give him an answer, he said: "Take me across the water first, and then I will tell you how to break the spell." This he accordingly did, and then went further till he reached the town that contained the unfruitful tree, where the sentinels likewise summoned him to give an answer. He informed them that the mouse must be killed to restore the tree to its former fruitfulness, when the sentinels gave him a couple of asses laden with gold as a reward. Lastly, he came to the city where the well was dried up, and told the sentinels they must kill the toad if they wanted wine to flow again. The sentinels thanked him, and likewise gave him two asses laden with gold.

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At length the lucky youth reached home, when his wife was overjoyed to see him, and to hear how well



he had succeeded. The king, too, was quite pleased on receiving the three golden hairs; and, seeing the four asses laden with gold, he said: "The conditions are now fulfilled, so you may keep my daughter for your wife. But tell me, my dear son-in-law, how did you come by all these treasures?"

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"I went across a river," answered he, "and I found gold instead of sand on its banks." "Can't I go and fetch some likewise?" said the king eagerly.

"As much as you like," said the youth; "if you get the ferryman to take you over, you can fill your sacks at your leisure."



The covetous monarch lost no time in setting out on this expedition, and, on reaching the river, he made a sign to the ferryman to take him across it

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The ferryman came, and told him to get into his boat, and, on reaching the opposite bank, he laid the oar in his hand, and jumped ashore. The king was therefore obliged, from thenceforward, to ferry to and fro, as a punishment for his sins. And, should our little readers inquire whether he is still at it, we may safely say we think he is, for nobody would have troubled himself to take the oar out of his hands.

Little Folk's Books.

THE STORY
OF THE
Jew in the Bramble Bush.



Edited by Madame de Chatelain.

The Jew in the Bramble Bush.

THERE once lived a rich man, who had a very honest, industrious lad in his service, who was the first to get up in the morning and the last to go to bed at night, and who, whenever there was any hard work that nobody else would begin, was always foremost to put his hand to it. Nor did he ever grumble, but was constantly cheerful and good-tempered. When his year was up, his master gave him no wages, for he said to himself: "It is wisest to save the money, and, besides, then he won't be able to leave my service." Sure enough, the lad said nothing, and worked away during the second year as he had done the first, and when he again found he received no wages at the end he still said nothing, and went on as before. When the third year came round, his master considered a bit, and then put his hand into his pocket, but he brought nothing out of it. Seeing this, the lad at length said

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to him: "Master, I have served you faithfully for three years, so please to be so good as to give me what is fairly due to me, for I wish to go forth and look about me in the world." The miser answered: "Yes, my dear boy, you have served me zealously, and you shall be



liberally rewarded." And he once more fumbled in his pocket, and counted out three farthings, saying to

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the lad: "There—there's a farthing for every year and that's what I call very handsome wages, and such as few masters would give."

The good lad, who knew little about the value of money, pocketed his capital, and said to himself, "Where's the good of doing any more hard work, now that I have plenty in my pocket?"

And away he went, up hill and down dale, singing merrily as he trudged along, till he came to a bush, when out popped a little man, who called to him, saying: "Whither are you going, you merry spark? I see your cares don't weigh heavily on your heart, anyhow."

"Why should I be sad?" answered the lad, "when I have plenty of money? for I have three years' wages now chinking in my pocket." "And what may be the amount of your treasure?" inquired the little man. "Why, three whole farthings!" "Hark ye," said the dwarf, "I am a poor man, who is in want; so do give me your three farthings, for I am no longer able to work, while you are young and strong, and can easily earn your bread." The lad had a good heart

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and took pity on the little man, and so he handed him the three farthings, saying: "Take them, and God will not let me want." The little man then said:



"Now that I see what a good heart you have, I will grant you three wishes—one for every farthing, and they shall be immediately accomplished." "Nay, then," said the lad, "if you are such a clever conjuror as all that comes to, why, I should wish first for a fowling-piece that will bring down anything I may aim at; next, for a fiddle that everybody will be obliged to dance to, as often as I strike up a tune;

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and, lastly, that when I make a request of any one, they shall not be able to refuse me." "Your wishes shall be granted," said the little man, as he put his hand into the bush, where, only think! there lay the fiddle and the fowling-piece all ready, as if they had been ordered beforehand! As he gave them to the lad, he said: "Whatever you ask, no man on earth shall be able to refuse you."

"What more can heart desire?" said the lad to himself, as he went his way in high glee. Soon after, he met a Jew, with a long beard like a goat, who stood listening to a bird that was warbling its little song on the top of a tree. "Dear me!" cried he, "to think that so small a creature should have such a powerful voice! I wish I could catch it, and that somebody would help me to put some salt on its tail!" "If that's all," said the lad, "I can soon bring down the bird." And accordingly he took aim, and hit the bird, who fell into a bramble bush. "There, you scapegrace," said he to the Jew, "go and fetch the bird out of the bush." "Nay," said the Jew, "some dog will get hold of it if it is left there, so I'll e'en

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go and pick it up, since you have killed it." And he laid himself flat on the ground, and began to creep into the bush. Just as he had reached the midst of the brambles, the spirit of mischief moved the lad to take up his fiddle and to strike up a tune. The Jew immediately began to lift first one foot and then another, and then to caper with all his might, and the more the lad fiddled the more violently he danced. Meanwhile the thorns tore his shabby garment, and combed his goat's beard rather roughly, besides pricking his whole body from top to toe.

"Hold there, for goodness sake!" said the Jew. "Leave off fiddling, for I don't want to dance." But the lad did not leave off, and bethought himself: "You have fleeced others often enough, and now the thorns shall serve you the same." So away he fiddled, while the Jew was forced to jump higher and higher, till the tatters of his garment hung on all the brambles that surrounded him. "Murder! murder!" cried the Jew, "I'll give you anything you ask for, if your worship will only leave off fiddling. I'll give you this purse full of gold." "Since you are so generous as all that

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comes to," said the lad, "I'll leave off my music; but I must say that you trip it most daintily." And there-upon he took the purse and went his way.



The Jew stood looking after him, and said nothing till the lad was quite out of sight; and then he bawled as loud as he could: "You wretched scraper! You

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alehouse fiddler! Only let me catch you alone, and I'll give you such a chase that you shall lose shoe-leather by the means! You vagabond, that were not worth a farthing a minute ago!" And thus he went on, heaping all the abuse he could think of upon him. When he had somewhat relieved himself by this means, he ran off to seek the judge in the nearest town. "Woe is me, my lord judge!" cried he; "I have been robbed on the highway, and so ill-used by a reckless fellow, that it would have moved a stone to pity. He has torn my clothes to tatters, scratched my body all over, and taken away my purse, that was full of the most beautiful ducats you ever set eyes on. For Heaven's sake let the scamp be thrown into prison."

The judge then said: "Was it a soldier, who made use of his sword to put you into such a state as this?" "Thank Heaven! he bore no sword with him," said the Jew; "but he had a gun on his shoulder, and a fiddle round his neck, so that he may be easily recognised."

The judge sent his people after him, and they soon overtook the worthy lad, who had walked along slowly

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a little way further, and, sure enough, they found the purse full of gold in his pocket. On being brought into court, he said: "I did not touch the Jew, neither did I rob him of his money, but he gave it me freely to induce me to leave off fiddling, as he couldn't bear my music."

"Lord!" exclaimed the Jew, "he has told as many lies as there are flies upon the wall!" Neither did the judge believe his story, for he said: "This is a paltry defence, for no Jew would give away his money so easily." And thereupon he condemned the poor lad to be hung for having committed a robbery on the highway. As they led him off to execution, the Jew called out after him: "You good-for-nothing ragamuffin! You fiddler fit only to play to dancing dogs! Now are you going to be served out as you deserve!" The lad went up the ladder very quietly together with the hangman; but when he had reached the last step, he turned round, and said to the judge: "Grant me one request before I die."

"Yes," said the judge, "provided you do not sue for mercy."

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"I do not ask you to spare my life," said the lad;
"I only beg you to let me play a farewell tune on my
fiddle."



Hereupon the Jew set up a great outcry, and ex-
claimed: "For God's sake don't let him do any such
thing."

But the judge said: "Why should I not allow him

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this poor satisfaction? Besides, I have granted his request, and therefore I shall not gainsay my own words." And indeed he could not have refused him, on account of the gift the lad possessed. But the Jew kept calling out: "Oh Lord! Oh Lord! bind me fast, bind me tight!"

The good lad then took his fiddle off his neck, and



set it on his shoulder, and no sooner had he drawn his bow across it, than everybody present began to

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wave to and fro, judge, clerk, officers of justice, and all, while the rope fell from the hands of the man who was attempting to bind the Jew, according to his request. At the second stroke, every toe was pointed, and the hangman left hold of the poor lad, and made ready to dance; and by the third stroke, every man jack of them began to cut capers, and to dance away, the judge and the Jew leading the brawls, and jumping higher than anybody else. The dance was soon joined by the crowd, whom curiosity had attracted to the market place; and old and young, fat and lean, footed it away as if for a wager, while the very dogs stood on their hind legs, and hopped about. The more he played, the higher the dancers jumped, so that at last they knocked each others' heads, and began to scream out most piteously. At length the judge, quite out of breath, exclaimed: "I will grant you a free pardon, if you only leave off fiddling."

The good lad listened to his entreaty, and left off, and, hanging the fiddle round his neck, came down the ladder. He then walked up to the Jew, as he lay gasping on the ground, and said: "You rascal! con-

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less how you came by that money, or I'll begin playing on my fiddle again."

"I have stolen it—yea, I have stolen it!" cried he; "but you came by it honestly."

And then the judge ordered the Jew to be led to the gallows, and hung for a thief.

COLLEGE
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